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THE
MUSES
JOY

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1479. dd. 18. (1)

For the recovery of that Weeping Vine
HENRETTA-MARIA,
The most Illustrious Queen-Mother, and
Her Royall Branches,

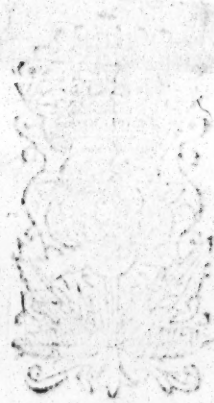


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THE
MUSEUM
OF
FOLK
LOVE

For the records of the
MUSEUM OF FOLK
LOVE
The most illustrious Queen-Mother and
Her Royal Branches



821.49



T O T H E

Virtuous and Right Honourable,

ANNA-MARIA,

Countess of Shrewsbury.

Madam,



*Y*OU might upon the first view condemn this Oblation (coming so late) as unvoluntary; and therefore unacceptable; did it not bring with it an Apology, which common charity cannot refuse, the truth is, this Poem hath struggled for life with no less opposition than Mortality it selfe; the honest Printer who undertook to give it birth, dying in the very act of its Delivery: where it hath remained these three weeks wrapt in a dead mans sheet, striving for birth like one of those preternatural Issues of the Sun upon the slime of Nilus, part shaped and alive, part without forme or motion, and it had deservedly expired with him, had it not born in the Front of it two sacred Signatures of my duty to Her Majesty, and my respect to Your Ladiship. You must needs beg me the Queens pardon for being guilty of an innocent Homicide, for Her Majesties sake; which accident hath added to my presumption. What the Ambition of others aims at in their high addressees, I shall not determine; whenever I put on Eagles wings, the Augury of my design is (the natural effect of distance) by soaring high to lessen my own merits, and magnifie my obligations. And although I never had the honor to be related to those noble Families the Shrewsburies and Brudenals (now in a happy conjunction) yet when I hear the high Expressions of both from a Brother and a Sister, I cannot be unconcern'd in their
debt

The Epistle Dedicatory.

debt of duty, or passive in their transportations: but as I am warm'd, so I must admire by reflection. This (the greater Her presumption is my Muscs second Service to your Ladyship; though yet she never brought an Embassy of ill news, never put your fair eyes to the expense of one pearl. Before she solemniz'd your auspicious Nuptials: perhaps the dress of that Poem might, the subject could not be troublesome, which was so pleasing to your Ladyship. At this time my Muse celebrates the new espousals of a Royal Widow to her Crown, I wish I could say to her King. Now though your Ladyship be entertain'd in the Porch, the Dedication of this Poem; yet the fabrick, namely the Subject, is part of her Majesties Revenue; unto whom I need no nearer Access than your Ladyship, your person being as near the Queen as her shadow to her Body, or rather as her Body to her Head; joyn'd not onely by propinquity, but by influence also. And now, Madam, I have unbosom'd my whole design, which is, that the world by me, and her Majesty by you may know, how much I am her Majesties loyal Subject, and

Your Ladyships humblest Servant,

J O. C R O U C H.

The



THE
MUSES
JOY

For the Recovery of that Weeping Vine
HENRETTA MARIA.

THe Queen return'd! more wonders still! a *Troy*
Of spoiles and blood has built a *Greece* of joy!
Dull Age! thy long *imprison'd* faith release,
Believe, nay see, that miracles do not cease:
Heav'n's arm has broke the cloud, *made bare* & bright
Hath eas'd our faith, turn'd *vision* into sight.
But is the Queen arriv'd? come safely over?
Then *Calice mingle Cliffs*, and kiss thy *Dover*?
Then *France* and *Christendom* be joyn'd to *Kent*,
Not by a fast League, but firm Continent.

But Waves made not this wonder, there hath stood
'Twixt her and us a wider *Sea* of Blood:
This *Sea* dry'd up, the Queen might freely pass,
Her ship mov'd on a *pavement*, smooth as glass:
The waters sensible (*as those we please*)
Smile to transport the *Queen of th' Narrow Seas*.
Phœbus if ever thou deserv'd a Bow,
Or *Occidental* Sacrifice, 'tis now;

The



The East-world to thy perfum'd Rising kneels,
But now the West thy *Healing virtue* feels :
The glorious splendor of thy Golden Rays
Has wing'd the *Hours*, and hasten'd happy dayes.
All ominous *Meteors* spent, this Sixtieth Year
The Stars drop *bony* in our Hemisphere.
Never was Spring so verdant, spruce and gay ;
For Mildews, *Manna* fell last Month of May :
Three sent from Heav'n to curb unbridled Men :
One out of Gratitude went to Heav'n agen :
Resolv'd, what careless Subjects left undone,
The Fathers *Funeral* should be his *Son*.
But the auspicious Pow'rs above conclude
To mollifie this hard Vicissitude :
Send us fresh *Balm* to heal that sharp Rebuke,
Mother for *Son*, a *Queen* instead of *Duke*.
Venus a *Golden Apple* sent before,
A pledg of her Arrival on our shore :
Brings in her Arms *Henretta* too the fair ;
Princes and Princesses a *Double pair*,
Exeter's Angel breath'd here but a while,
Babe, *Jesus-like*, an *Infant in Exile* !

Is this that Queen whom a *Rebellious Crew*
Sent *Bullets* after for a *kind adieu* ?
One bor'd the place where Majesty did sit,
And came as near as Heav'n would suffer it :
Had you been present there, you might have seen
The *King of Terrors* prostrate to a *Queen*.
Such *Iron pills* the sons of Death and Fate,
Prescrib'd to cure the Feavers of a State !

Is this that *living Martyr* so hard prest
With *Injuries*, would split a vulgar *Breast* ?
Wh' endur'd *Affronts*, *Indignities* and *Force*,
An unjust *Exile*, more unjust *Divorce* ?
Such a *Divorce* the worlds great eye ne'er saw,
Writ by the *Sword*, and seal'd by *Canon-Law* ;
Whose Act might past, and future times out-do,
When *Law* and *Gospel* were divorced too :
A strange *Divorce* ! where the whole *guilt* was *Love*,
And *constancie* the cause of such *Remove* :

Divorce

Divorce more monstrous yet ! which rends the wife ;
Not from her Husbands *Bosom*, but his *Life*.

You *Loyal Shepherdesses*, who these *Floods*,
Have liv'd 'mongst *Wolves* and *Satyrs* in the Woods;
'Mongst *Ladies* of all Trades, without respect,
Compell'd to use their ruder *Dialect*;
Spring out with your *Diana*, O break forth,
And shew the blest world, not your *height*, but *worth*.
To your long clouded *Firmament* resort,
And shine like bright stars in your *Brittish* Court :
You've now a *Mistress*, an auspicious *Guide*,
To teach you *modes* of Modesty, not Pride :
To make you *Wise*, not in a narrow sense,
But measur'd by a Queens circumference.
Be like your *Gems*, not sleek'd up for meer sight ,
But *Influentia* too, as well as bright :
Of which some help the head, some heart, some spleen;
One Lady cures all these, that's like the Queen.

Welcom great *Princesses*, by good Prov'dence sent
Home to us, from your *Native* Banishment !
Delight to see your *Royal Branches* twine
Their Arms about you, their *Beloved Vine* ;
(That fruitful *Vine*, whose goodness made it smart;
That *lives*, and yet so long has *bled* at heart.)
On your Just *Throne* in serene safety sit ;
Forget all past, except the *Benefit*.
The Heav'ns and Earth rejoyce at your return.
You cannot *gratify* their Joys, and mourn.
Madam, let no past suff'rings make you sad ;
When three Realms *now* conspire to make you glad ;
Your triumphs bound not here ; the general voyce
Of more than Christian *World* ecchoes, *Rejoyce*.
London (long *Widdow*) was espous'd last May,
But till you came kept not her Nuptial day.
Share Empire with your Sons, our King, and Brother;
They shall command *one Sex*, and You the *other*.

And now since *Cromwell* (by a fatall Boon)
Gasp't in his bed *too late*, and yet *too soon* !
Since *Bradshaw* could not so much *mercy* win
To *live* to *Hang* and suffer for his sin :

(Though



(Though his and *Cromwells* bloud together spilt
Were both too *black* to expiate their guilt)
Since divine Justice (so *severely kind*)
Has scourg'd their *Drudges*, too long left behind!
Since *Nolls* whole Reign was but a *Dream* at best,
We'll wind his *story* up into a *fest*.

When this *swoln Phaeton* in the full *Carreer*
Of his usurpt dominion 'mongst us here;
Must in a *brave* his *forraign Prancers* rule,
(As if an *Ass* grown proud would guide a *Mule*)
When this *Suns Son* fell from his hot *Caroach*,
Then the *blest hours* prepar'd the Kings approach:
His *panting Heart* presag'd his tumbling down,
Not from his *Chariot*, but a *Triple Crown*,
I say a *Triple Crown*, for that was all,
(He gave the other to the *Cardinal* :)
Whose *Diadem* ne'er girt his brow, till *Dead*;
O thus may *Death* still crown a *Traitors Head*!
He's now *below the Earth*, there let him lie,
There rot, and once more in our *Memories* die.

But let our joys bless Heav'n for this *rich Change*,
A King, Queen, Duke, and virtuous *Orange*,
Henretta too; who left her native *Air*,
Not to be greater, but more *Debonair* :
Wh' abroad like injur'd *Pilgrims* did converse,
Here *chain'd*, there *Tenants* of the *Universe*.
Great England! Great, not in thy breadth or length;
Protected more by *Providence* than *Strength* :
Thou, in thy *little Circle* dost contain
Princes too mighty both for *France* and *Spain*.
O may thy People *washt in so much blood*,
Be humble, thankful, loyal, wise and good!

And may our good *Queen* never weep again,
Unless it be for joy she once had pain,
That once her *blest Womb* with a *Charls* did teem,
Should both a *Crown Inherit* and *Redeem*.

Let proud *Rebellion*, sunk as low as *Hell*,
For ever *There*, in its own *Region*, dwell.

F I N I S.

